NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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THE BOY'S LIBRARY.

Boys, what have you done with the books that you read *when you were little fellows*; those books which you do not care particularly to read again? Almost every boy has several such, beginning with picture primers and illustrated stories in short easy words. I recently saw a history of Robinson Crusoe in words of only one syllable, with finely colored pictures, so beautiful that I felt as if I had been cheated a little in not having had such an one when I was reading words of one syllable. I am writing to boys who have taken off aprons and have given up tops.

"Peep Show" and "Chatterbox" are full of stories and information that was entertaining to you once, but you have now begun to read magazines, newspapers, and often books drawn from a library. Some of you are in the high school; soon you are going to the business college. Some will go to a preparatory school where you will stay two years; then you will go to college where you will remain four years. That means six years of constant hard work with books that will crowd children's books such, as "Arabian Nights," "The Swiss Family Robinson," not to speak again of "Chatterbox," and "Peep Show," off the shelf. I am thinking of certain shelves that I often look at—a long row of "Rollo Books," "*Abbott's Series*," "Oliver Optic's stories," "Paul du Chaillu's tales of Africa" and many others. They belong to a young girl who is yet reading children's stories, and I am not talking of books that are being read, but of those that have been read. I am talking to boys who, because of something else to do, must leave this kind of reading. By the time you are released from the high schools or college your boy stories will be in the garret, or will have wholly disappeared, perhaps as waste paper. There are stacks of children's magazines and delightful papers that will meet that fate without being passed into the hands of other children, as they should be. Better that the second company of readers should destroy the books in using them than that they should not be used and finally become waste. There are some grown people who cannot buy many books who would enjoy the reading of good juvenile literature. I read every juvenile book that is good enough for a child to read, if I have the time, and for the sake of many intelligent children whom I know, I grudge the garret fine literature. I do not mean just very poor children. Many children have a few books; but grown people do not buy all the books they read, they found libraries which give them their choice free, of all books that are published. Sometimes the people in a small town club together, make out a list of books they would like. Mr. A. will buy one of these books. Mr. B. another, and so on through the alphabet. When Mr. A., B., and C. have read their books, they put them in a library with the books the others have read, and Mr. A. can draw Mr. B.'s or Mr. C.'s book, and Mr. B. can draw Mr. A.'s or Mr. C.'s book, and so on. But young people cannot do this very well, nor would it benefit the readers I am thinking about.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON. (See next page.)

Do this. Make a list of your outgrown books, those that you once liked to read—not those that you did not like. Go to all the book-reading boys that you know, tell them you are going to start a free public library with your surplus books. Show them your list. Ask them to contribute the outgrown books they liked. If some of the books they will give are like yours that will be well, every library has duplicate copies. Give the boys time to think. After you have asked once ask again, ask the third time pleasantly. Go look at their books that are already shelved. To those who say they have no use for their holiday books, but they must not give them away because they are presents, tell them the meaning of Edward Everett Hale's story of "Ten Times One." If you yourself do not know it, nor of the hundreds of Ten Times One societies of boys and men that have grown out of it, ask till you find out. No boy is intelligent who does not know that.

When you and one other boy make up your minds to have a free library for children you can have it. You can accomplish it alone if you have in you the stuff that success is made of. As soon as you can collect a dozen books, starting at Mother Goose (which I read every time I see it) you can make a beginning. Go to some one who has charge of any respectable public place to which boys can go, it may be a store or school or temperance room, and ask if you may put a case of books there. You can make the case yourself. It will need a lock. Then invite children to draw books free. When they come to do that, question them about their own laid-aside books, and ask them to contribute to the library stock. Count it a success if in some weeks you have a very small library and very few readers. Some boy must be a librarian. He will come once a week and give out books and charge them, take in books and credit them, and report those not brought back.

If you are persistent, by the time school opens you will have so much interest in your work and others—grown *people*—will be so much pleased, and men and women will help you.

Call your library "The Children's Free Circulating Library." Make its motto, "Ten

Times One." Now, boys, let us hear from you. Report what you think of the plan; if you will try; what you have done; whether it was success, complete, partial, or a failure.

What do you say to this plan of giving children the opportunity that many grown people have, of reading more books than they can afford to buy. Ask your sisters, too, for there is no reason why the girls should not have a free library as well as the boys.—*Christian at Work.*

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

Oh, Mamma! Arthur cried, just look
At this in my new picture-book!
It's all about some awful fight
Between a dragon and a knight.

That's brave St. George, who, stories say,
Did once a fearful dragon slay.

How was it?—tell me, Arthur cried,
With open mouth, and eager-eyed.

In Egypt, stories tell, of old,
A fiery dragon made his hold
By a great city, and spread fear
O'er all the region far and near.
His feet were armed with mighty claws,
And flame and smoke breathed from his jaws;
He had great scales upon his back
To shield him against all attack;
His eyes did like a furnace glow,
And where he breathed no grass would grow.
He was so terrible and strong
That every one who passed along
The road near which his cavern lay
The monster seized and bore away.
For miles outside the city gate
He made the country desolate,
And all the land a waste became,
As if it had been swept by flame.

So worse and worse the terror grew,
Till one sad day the dragon flew
Above the city, and declared
(For he could speak), None shall be spared,
Unless you send me, every day,
A youth or maid to be my prey.

Then wailing rose on every side;
The dragon could not be defied;
And youths and maids cast lots to know
Which victim should be first to go.

It falls on Sabra fair, the king's
Own daughter, and the city rings
With lamentations. Pure and sweet,
They lead her through the mourning street.
When, hark! a bugle sounds without;
The watchman sends an answering shout:
A strange knight at the city gate!
Perchance a champion, not too late,
Who this fell dragon comes to slay.

Throw wide the gate without delay!
The king commands—'tis quickly done.
In rides the knight, and sure the sun
Ne'er shone upon a goodlier one!

The mournful story soon is told:
The way! exclaims the warrior bold;
Show me the way; a Christian knight
Has naught to fear in such a fight.

A valiant English knight was he,
A very prince of chivalry,
Who, for great deeds of valor famed,
St. George in after-times was named.
Alone—he asked no help of men—
He sought the dragon in his den;
And back, before the fall of night,
He rode victorious from the fight;
On saddle-bow, all dripping gore,
The dragon's ghastly head he bore.
They placed it, joyous and elate,
A trophy o'er the city gate.

Once more the country bloomed; again
The busy ways were thronged with men;
And often was the story told
Of how the Christian warrior bold
Slew the great dragon in his den.

The story finished, Arthur said:
Mamma, are all the dragons dead?
I wish I was just such a knight,
With dragons all around to fight;
How quick I'd track them to their den!
I might have been Sir Arthur then.

Ah, child, the mother softly said,
Her hand upon his curly head:
The world has many a dragon Wrong;
And when my boy grows big and strong,
I hope he'll be a valiant knight,
A foe to wrong and friend to right.
I s—'p—o—se s—o, was the slow reply;
That sounds big too; but, Mamma, I—
I'd rather be a real knight.
And with a real dragon fight,
You know, I s'pose; but I don't care,
I b'lieve there's some left yet somewhere;
And when I get to be a man,
I'm going to find 'em if I can.

—*Harper's Young People.*

THE SECRET OF ONE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S SUCCESS.

BY BELLE M. SPENCE.

A few of the most earnest teachers in a certain Sunday-school had gathered for a teachers' prayer-meeting. One after another had offered prayer, mentioned some truth in the next lesson that had impressed him, or something of interest in his class; when the superintendent, turning to a modest-looking man said, "Mr. Harvey, have you anything of interest to tell us about your class? It always does me good to look at your corner and see the full seats and the absorbed interest of the boys." Then this superintendent, who knows his school of nearly a thousand members as many teachers do not know their class of six or eight, went on to speak of this mission class, and the homes from which they came; of their love for the teacher, and the wonderful way in which they had been held.

"I wish we might know his secret," said one of the other teachers. For a moment there was silence; then, in a voice tremulous with emotion, Mr. Harvey said: "I think that any success I may have had is due, so far as I am concerned, to two causes. I believe the Lord gave me this work, and I am doing it for him, and try to do it in such a way as will meet his approval. Sometimes, when I am tired at night, and would like to sit down and enjoy the comfort of my home instead of making some call that I feel ought to be made, I think of what my Lord has done for me, and that this is for him, and I am glad to go. And the second thing is,—I love the boys, and they know it." There were tears in many eyes as this simple story was told; and the prayer that followed was earnest and tender, pleading that we might all learn the secret and catch the spirit of our brother.

There are few Sunday-school teachers so careless and indifferent that they do not sometimes long to be better and more successful teachers than they are. Here is a means of success within the reach of all. We may not have great talents, or liberal education; but, if we receive our work as a gift from God, and do it sincerely and heartily for him, and under his constant guidance, we cannot fail. And we cannot do this without love for those we teach. "We love him because he first loved us," and "if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another."

Not long since, I heard one who has been for years a very successful foreign missionary, give a few words of parting counsel to two young ladies who were just leaving for the foreign field. Among other things, she said, "If you would be successful in your work, and win many souls to Christ, you must love those you work for. It is not enough to pity and have a desire to do them good. In spite of repulsive habits, in spite of dulness and degradation, you must love them; and to do that you will need to keep very near to the heart of Christ, the infinite source of love."

It is not alone those who go to heathen lands who need to live in closest communion with the Master, if they would so love souls as to win them to him. They must be loved, not because they are bright and interesting and lovely, but for his sake who died for them, and because it is possible for them to become like him.

The one whose secret was given in that teachers' meeting is a man past middle life; his time is not under his own control, and his daily toil often taxes his strength severely; but he is known and loved in every home where one of his boys is found. He sympathizes with the parents in trouble his counsel and advice are often sought, and he tries to bring them into church attendance, and to point the way to Christ.

A teacher who had succeeded in holding a large class of boys in Sunday-school until they had grown into young men, was asked how it was done. She replied, "Why, I simply will not let them go. If one is absent, I know the reason; if he is away the next Sunday, I send a note, or go and see him; if once is not enough, I go again. If I do not find him at home, I go to the store or office." "Do they not become offended by such persistent following up?" "They never seem to," she answered. "I have often wondered myself that they did not, but think the reason must be that they know I love them, and would do anything for them; and, when other means fail, I pray the more earnestly, and somehow they always come back."—*S. S. Times.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON X.—MARCH 10.

THE CHILDLIKE SPIRIT.—Mark 9: 33-42.

COMMIT VERSES 36, 37.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.—Mark 10: 15.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Only in the childlike spirit can we enter the kingdom of heaven.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Mark 9: 1-32.
T. Mark 9: 33-50.
W. Matt. 18: 1-14.
Th. Luke 9: 46-60.
F. Matt. 19: 13-15.
Sa. Matt. 10: 37-42.
Su. Matt. 20: 20-28.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

33. *And he came to Capernaum:* his Galilean home. Here the temple tax was demanded, and Peter obtained the money from a fish (Matt. 17: 24-27). 34. *Held their peace:* for shame. 36. *Took a child:* as an acted parable, showing that they should have the love, the trust, the simple, unambitious feelings of a child. 37. *Whosoever shall receive one of such children:* shall love him, care for him, imbibe his spirit. *Receiveth me:* has my spirit, is like me: and his kindness to the child for Christ's sake will be accepted as if done to himself. The childlike spirit is one of humility, simplicity, trust, unselfishness, the ideal characteristics of a child. 38. *And John answered him: i. e.,* his question was suggested by what Jesus had said. Did this man we saw receive you? Did he have the childlike spirit? *He followeth not us:* he did the work really, and in Christ's name, but he did not join the apostles. 39. *Forbid him not:* do not interfere. Let each one work in his own way; 40. *He that is not against us:* see also Matt. 12: 30. Every one is on one side or the other. There is no neutrality. 41. *A cup of water:* the smallest and simplest gift. *He shall not lose his reward:* he shall be treated as if he had done the kindness to Jesus himself (Matt. 25: 40.) 42. *Shall offend:* cause to stumble, lead into sin. *It is better for him:* no earthly loss is so great an evil as this sin.

SUBJECT: THE WAY INTO THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.—What is the kingdom of heaven? Did the disciples expect Jesus to set up an earthly kingdom? (Mark 9: 1; Luke 17: 20; Acts 1: 6; Matt. 20: 21.) What were the principles of Jesus' kingdom? (Matt., chaps. 5-7; 18: 3, 4.)

II. FALSE IDEAS OF ENTERING THE KINGDOM (vs. 33, 34).—What discussion had arisen on the way to Capernaum? What may have given rise to such a dispute? (Matt. 16: 18, 19; 17: 1; Mark 9: 2.) Why did Jesus ask about this discussion? Why were the disciples silent? Is it right to seek to be better, and wiser, and more useful? Is it right to thus seek in order to be superior to others? What are the evils of a selfish ambition? Why cannot one be great, in the kingdom of heaven, in this way?

III. THE TRUE WAY OF ENTERING THE KINGDOM (vs. 35-37).—What way of being great did Jesus point out? How did Jesus teach this truth more fully at another time? (Matt. 20: 25-28.) Why is serving others the true greatness? By what object-lesson did Jesus enforce his lesson? What is it to receive a child in Christ's name? How did Jesus express this truth in Matt. 18: 3, 4? What is the childlike spirit? Is this the way to enter God's kingdom, and why?

IV. ONE WAY, BUT MANY COMPANIES WALKING THEREIN (vs. 38-40).—What question did John now propose? Why did they forbid the man? Why was it wrong to do so? How would you apply this incident to our day? Should every one have liberty to serve Jesus in his own way? Must we be on one side or the other? (v. 40 Matt. 12: 30; 6: 24.)

V. AIDING OTHERS TO ENTER (v. 41).—What promise did Jesus make to those who cared for his disciples? Is this the way in which we can honor and entertain Jesus himself? (Matt. 25: 40.) Why must it be done "in my name"? What can you do to help children and the weak and timid to Jesus?

VI. HINDERING OTHERS FROM ENTERING (v. 42).—Who are the "little ones" referred to in this verse? What is meant by "offend"? In what way is it sometimes done? How did Jesus express the wickedness and meanness of leading such little ones into evil?

LESSON XI.—MARCH 17.

CHRIST'S LOVE TO THE YOUNG.—Mark 10: 13-22.

COMMIT VERSES 21, 22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God.—Mark 10: 14.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Eternal life is gained by a faith in Jesus which gives up all things to him.

M. Mark 9: 43-50.
T. Mark. 10: 1-22.
W. Mark. 10: 24-31.
Th. Matt. 19: 13-22.
F. Luke 18: 15-23.
Sa. 1 Tim. 6: 6-21.
Su. Matt. 10: 32-39.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

13. *And his disciples rebuked,* etc.; because the bringing of the children interrupted an important discourse. They thought Jesus would not wish to bother with babies, when he had men to instruct. 14. *Jesus was displeased:* because they kept away from him, (1) those who wanted to come; (2) those who would be the hope of the church; (3) those whom he came to save; (4) those whom he loved; (5) those who were the types of what his disciples should be. *Of such is the kingdom of God:* of such little children. And, as he explains in v. 15, of those who come to God as children to a parent. 17. *When he was gone forth:* from the house where he was staying. *Into the way:* the high road, by this time crowded with travellers to the passover. *There came one:* a ruler, probably of the synagogue (Matt.) He was rich, moral, attractive, earnest. 18. *Why callest thou me good?* not a rebuke for calling him good, but an inquiry whether he looked upon him as a common teacher, usually called "good master," or as a divine teacher, good in the sense that God is good. 19. *Knowest the commandments:* all in heaven, who have eternal life, naturally keep the commandments, which are summed up in one word, *love.* 20. *All these have I observed:* outwardly, in a worldly view; and yet he was conscious of a lack. He felt that he did not possess eternal life. 21. *One thing thou lackest!* he lacked one thing, but it was the main thing,—that loving trust which consecrated all to God, which is the soul of all good works. *Sell whatsoever thou hast:* use your property for God; give it all to him. What does this mean for us? In *principle,* the same as to him. He does not ask us to give all to the poor, as he did this man; for he let John retain his home. But whatever he does ask us to do with it we are to do. Not one dollar is to be kept aside from his will. *Follow me:* note his possible future as a disciple, compared with his obscure future as a nameless rich man.

SUBJECT: ETERNAL LIFE.

QUESTIONS.

I. CHILDREN AND ETERNAL LIFE (vs. 13-16).—Who brought their young children to Jesus? For what purpose? What good would it do for Jesus to touch them? What did the disciples do? Why? How may we bring children to Jesus? What is it for children to come to Jesus? In what ways do people now sometimes keep children from coming to him? What was Jesus' reply? What did Jesus mean by "For of such is the kingdom of God"? Do not children need to be converted? How young can they become Christians? In what respects must all Christians be like children? Why can only such enter God's Kingdom? What did Jesus do to the children? How is this a comfort to those who have children in heaven?

II. A YOUNG MAN SEEKING ETERNAL LIFE (vs. 17, 18).—Who came to Jesus when he went out of the house where he had blessed the children? What facts can you tell about this young man? (Luke 18: 18; Mark 10: 22.) What good traits do you find in his character? Why did he come running? What does this teach us? What did he want? What is eternal life? What did he call Jesus? What was Jesus' reply? Why did he reply in this way? Did Jesus deny that he was good? How is seeking earnestly after eternal life a proof of wisdom?

III. SEEKING ETERNAL LIFE IN THE WRONG WAY (vs. 18-21).—Was the young man right in seeking the way of eternal life from Jesus? How had he been seeking it (v. 20.) What did Jesus tell him he must do if he would have eternal life? Must one keep the commandments in order to be saved? (Rev. 21: 27; 2 Cor. 4: 1, 2; Gal. 5: 22, 23.) What was the ruler's reply? Had he really kept these commandments? Was he satisfied? (Matt. 19: 20.) Can any one be saved in that way alone? (Gal. 3: 11.)

IV. HOW TO OBTAIN ETERNAL LIFE (vs. 21, 22).—How did Jesus feel toward this young man? (Mark 10: 21.) Why did he love him? Did he say what follows because he loved him? What did the man lack? What is the one necessary thing to salvation? (Mark 15: 16; John 1: 12; 6: 40; James 2: 14, 18.) Why? What did Jesus tell this man to do? Why did he ask this of him, while he allowed John, and Peter, and Matthew, and others to hold property? What does this instruction of Jesus mean for us? (Rom. 12: 1; Luke 16: 1-14; 1 Tim. 6: 17-19.) Can we be Christians and not commit all we have to Jesus, and seek to use all according to his will? What more must the man do? What is our cross? In what way can we follow Jesus?

LESSON CALENDAR.

(First Quarter, 1889.)

1. Jan. 6.—The Mission of John the Baptist.—Mark 1: 1-11.
2. Jan. 13.—A Sabbath in the life of Jesus.—Mark 1: 21-34.
3. Jan. 20.—Healing of the Leper.—Mark 1: 35-45.
4. Jan. 27.—Forgiveness and Healing.—Mark 2: 1-12.
5. Feb. 3.—The Parable of the Sower.—Mark 4: 10-20.
6. Feb. 10.—The Fierce Demoniac.—Mark 5: 1-20.
7. Feb. 17.—The Timid Woman's Touch.—Mark 5: 25-34.
8. Feb. 24.—The Great Teacher and the Twelve.—Mark 6: 1-13.
9. Mar. 3.—Jesus the Messiah.—Mark 8: 27-38; 9: 1.
10. **Mar. 10.—The Childlike Spirit.—Mark 9: 33-42.**
11. **Mar. 17.—Christ's Love to the Young.—Mark 10: 13-22.**
12. Mar. 24.—Blind Bartimeus.—Mark 10: 46-52.
13. Mar. 31.—Review, Missions, and Temperance.—Eph. 5: 15-21.

WITNESS CARNIVAL NUMBER.

The publishers of the *Witness* have issued a paper illustrating the Montreal Carnival. It is a very handsome number printed in colors. It is a very interesting paper to read, and if sent to friends in the Old Country will show them how we in Canada have reason to enjoy our Canadian winter. The price is 20 cents, for which it will be sent post free by the publishers, John Dougall & Son, Montreal, P. Q.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

ROCK OF AGES.

"'Wock o' Bages, keft for me,'
Mamma, sing it,—you know how,—
Charlie's—dying,—mamma, darling,—
Won't you—sing it—for—him—now?
'Wock—o'—Bages,—keft—for—me,—
'Et—me—hide—my—se'f—in—thee.'"

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me:"
'Tis a mother sings it now,
Death has marked her precious baby,
And the damp is on his brow.
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Let me hide myself in thee;—
Thou who hast the wine-press trod;
Spare me yet this agony,
He is all we have, O God!
Father, must we drink the cup?
Must we give our darling up?"

"Wock o' Bages;" and our baby
Sung the rest to Christ alone,
As the angels tenderly
Bore him to the great white throne.
"Wock o' Bages, keft for me!"
And he hid *himself* in thee.
—*Good Housekeeping.*

"HOW GIRLS CAN HELP THEMSELVES."

There are hundreds of girls out of employment wishing for work, but as a bright friend of mine remarked the other day, "If you want one girl you can't find her."

I know of a lady who had been confined to her bed for two years. She has tried and in vain to find some willing, companionable girl, who would give the slight service she requires for a reasonable amount of money. She does not need more than two hours' care through the day, but needs some one within call. Her home is delightful, and she is a lovely Christian woman, considerate to all who care for her, and to one who would give the willing and efficient service, a good home and fair pay would be given. A friend of mine with abundant good health, and good sense, practical and discerning, has been nurse and companion for more than a year to an elderly lady, ill with an incurable disease. She has $5.00 a week and does as well in that place as a trained nurse. Do we not all know of families where the mother, worn with cares, perhaps where sickness reigns, or where the sick ones are convalescent, who would be glad of the help of some willing girl—not as a servant, but as an equal; and how often we hear the expression, "We can't find any one for love or money."

I think I hear some girl say: "I would be glad of such an opportunity, but no one wants me, at least, they don't ask me." Perhaps "they" do not dream of your being willing to be this timely helper. Dear girls, do not wait to be asked; you who live in villages and country places know something of the needs of your neighbors. If you hear that Mrs. A. is sick, and that Mr. A. has been in every direction looking for a nurse, offer your services, prepared, if need be, with an explanation that you are anxious to find employment, and will follow the doctor's instructions faithfully. Be willing to work for small pay at first; the majority of beginners are not willing to do this. If you prove capable and trustworthy, you will not want for engagements, and can soon command better pay. Every girl cannot care for a sick person. To many the confinement is irksome, and the work distasteful; but you must remember that all work has some drudgery about it. It is given to us to rise above the drudgery, if our heart is in our work. To my mind, there is no better, nobler calling than caring for the sick. A good way to get introduced would be to speak to the physicians of your acquaintance, asking them to speak in your behalf. Doctors are glad to do this for the sake of their patients, and to help those who try to help themselves. First of all, study yourselves. In almost every paper these days, we read of the qualities required in a nurse; read and profit by them.

There are many girls wishing for work who, for various reasons, cannot leave their homes. I know of one girl who, at her own home, has a good assortment of dolls and their wardrobes, which she makes and sells at moderate prices. During the holidays they find a ready sale. Aprons of all styles and sizes might be made by an energetic girl, and other things might be added if success waited on the first efforts.

A girl with a genius for cooking could make a specialty of pie, or bread, or cake. Many a housekeeper who depends on the baker would be just as willing—she ought to be more willing—to buy of some girl loaves of home-made bread providing quality and price were satisfactory. I know of one woman who makes delicious bread and makes a given number of loaves each week, supplying a few families. If one has friends or relatives among grocers who would be willing to sell the loaves at a small percent, the demand might exceed the supply.

Whatever is undertaken, care and patience is needed. Eternal vigilance is the price of success as well as liberty. Throw all false pride to the winds; remember that all honest work is ennobling; confidence, independence and a love and pride in the work will make a success of it. These are practical suggestions; they have been tested and found remunerative. The old proverb, "Where there's a will, there's a way," will be found applicable here.—*Anne Borodel, in New York Observer.*

DOMESTIC MEDICATION.

The *Home-Maker* has much good material. Marion Harland is the editor, and where is there a better authority on home-making and home-keeping than she? Among other practical articles in this initial number is one on the uses and abuses of Domestic Medication. A passage here and there will be particularly appreciated by many of my readers:

"Every household has its medicine chest or cupboard, even as in the attics of our grandmothers hung the huge bundles of dried herbs ready for the many kinds of teas with which they used to conjure the fell demon Disease at his first onslaught. But we have departed from the simples used in those days, and now handle drugs themselves with a truly reckless fearlessness."

"The household is getting into the habit of dosing itself. Its appetite is never so good but what it can be improved by some tonic. Its digestion is never so good but what it can be bettered by some assistant."

Then comes a warning against the free use of coca wine, beef wine and iron, quinine, aconite, etc. The writer continues:

"In fact, there are few drugs which should be handled without the advice of a physician. Experience with certain attacks have rendered many familiar with powerful drugs which they had come to employ properly themselves, having been guided in so doing by the family physician; but when, as is often the case, they take it upon themselves to prescribe for whomever seems to them to have similar trouble they may, as in the case of passing on prescriptions, make great and perhaps perilous mistakes. Do not, dear members of the household, try too much wholesale prescribing for your neighbors, lest your generous act result far otherwise than you intend."

"What then, asks the writer," can be done in the way of domestic medication? This is the answer:

"1st. Do not regard every trifling ailment or attack of pain as requiring immediate and instantaneous attention. Turn your thoughts to something else, and it is not at all unlikely that you will be surprised after a time to remember even that you had a pain.

"2nd. Instead of medication try the efficacy of hot or cold applications, poultices, mustard pastes, for pains which can often be relieved in this way.

"3rd. Try simple remedies, if any, for the household ailments, such as peppermint, Jamaica ginger, aromatic ammonia.

"4th. Ask your family physician, who knows you and your idiosyncrasies as well as those of your household, to give you some plain directions as to what you shall do in cases of the ordinary emergencies which arise in your family, such as constipation, diarrhœa, headache, sleeplessness, attacks of pain and the like, and look to him rather than to books and newspaper prescriptions, and the recommendations of friends for advice for those occasions when you are not quite sure that there is sufficient warrant for sending for him.

DEAL FAIRLY WITH THE CHILDREN.

Among our playmates in childhood was a family of children who used to show us, with much pride and pleasure, their store of pennies. They kept them in a little vase on the sitting room mantel.

One day when we went to see our little friends, we found them bewailing the loss of their pennies. Their parents told them that "the mice had carried them off," and the children seemed to believe the statement. The loss was a heavy one to them—one they would be likely to remember; and when they were old enough to understand that mice did not meddle with children's pennies, they must also have experienced a very unpleasant feeling toward the parents who could stoop to so mean an action as appropriating their little store, and afterward telling a lie about it. Parents would have themselves to thank for it, if children brought up in such an atmosphere, proved to be very apt scholars,—if they even went so far as to bring shame and sorrow into the family.

A boy, old enough to be a great help to his father in his farm work, got permission of a neighbor to cultivate a strip of land that would otherwise have run wild. Working mostly in hours that would have been his play hours, he managed to plough and put in and care for what proved to be a good crop. His father allowed him the use of his team occasionally. When the crop was harvested, who do you suppose received the proceeds? Not the boy who so faithfully earned it, but the father, who had allowed him to think it was to be all his own. It hardly seems as if a father could or would run the risk of doing such a thing; but this man did put into his own pocket every cent of the proceeds of that crop.

What did the poor boy do? When he found that entreaties availed nothing, he grew hard and rebellious and finally wicked, and all because his father had been so unfair with him. "Honor thy father and thy mother" is a great and good commandment, but side by side with it in memory should go the other injunction, "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath."—*Housekeeper.*

DANGER IN THE DUSTPAN.

SOME OF THE SURPRISING EFFECTS OF EXPLOSIVE OATMEAL, FLOUR AND SUGAR.

"It's all nonsense," said Dr. Charles Perry, the pharmaceutical expert, "to say that the two explosions in Chicago this week were caused by dynamite or bursting boilers. They were caused by dust and only dust. The public doesn't seem to realize that the dust of any vegetable substance which will burn will explode when mixed with air, but every chemist knows it to his sorrow. If you blow your gas out and go away, you know that when you come back and strike a match there's going to be an explosion of the mixed gas and air. You also know that if you put a lighted match in an empty benzine or naphtha barrel, where a little of the original liquid is left, you are pretty sure to have the barrel disappear in small pieces and find yourself in the next lot. The same rule applies to any fine dust which can be burned, and which, by reason of its fineness, can be suspended in the atmosphere. Here is a large tin can. I throw into it a teaspoonful of poudre de riz and a pinch of lycopodium. I shake it until the can is full of dust-laden air, and touch a match to it. Off it goes, and, ouch! I burned my hand in showing the fact. With gas it takes about eight times as much air as gas to make a good blow-up. With dust the proportion is about the same.

The last explosion in Chicago was occasioned by oatmeal, which is, I think, the first time that Scotland's gastronomic mainstay has behaved so badly. Flour has a much wickeder record. It blew a great mill in Minneapolis all to pieces; it made a first-class wreck of a building in Hamilton avenue, Brooklyn; it knocked out the Jewell's establishment at Fulton Ferry, in that city, and it has ruined I don't know how many other places.

"Flour isn't alone," continued Dr. Percy, "in this property. Powdered sugar cleaned out a huge store in Court-land street only a few years since. Pulverized cocoanut shells came near burning up a seven-story building in West Broadway. Drug grinding mills are frequently the scenes of such explosions. Paint mills, which reduce lampblack and similar pigments to a dust, run a similar risk. Bakers are even within an ace of being blown into eternity by the dust of starch, flour and sugar. Fine sawdust is apt to indulge in the same pyrotechnic display. Wood turners and finishers are always on the alert for accidents of this sort. Even in cotton, linen and woollen mills, the fine lint which fills the air of every room is liable to ignite, and, if the proportion of air to lint is right, to explode with more or less force. Lady housekeepers, who do not clean their furniture, but allow the dust to accumulate, run the risk of an explosion, when, in a fit of reform, they vigorously sweep a close room in the night time with the gas lit.—*New York Sun.*

SUCH A BOTHER TO GET THEM READY.

"If they could only dress themselves, I should not mind; but what with getting the last of them fairly off, and picking up after they are gone, it seems to take away the best part of the day right off."

Exactly. But what if the shoes had been blacked the night before, and the bath-room had been made good use of Saturday, rather than Sunday? What if, when the clothes of the week were laid off, they had been placed carefully to one side, and the Sunday ones laid in their stead? What if the lesson-books had been hunted up and placed by the Sunday caps, ready the night before? What if cold meat had taken the place of breakfast chicken, and the time gained given to hair-brushing and necktie-tying, rather than attention to those things later?

"But they get themselves so dirty if dressed so early."

Teach them for one day in seven to keep out of the dirt.

"Their father don't like to have it all bustle and commotion Saturday night; it's all the day he has out of the week."

The Lord don't like all bustle and commotion Sunday, it's all the day he has out of the week.

"But if the children are to be dressed up all day, what are we to do with those who are too small to read for themselves?"

You are to read to them, talk to them. You are to set their little minds to think about the thousand and one things they have little inclination for when about their play. The blue sky above them and green fields near them, and God, in his great fatherhood, round and about them. You are to garnish this, the best day of the week, with the sweetest smiles you have, the kindest words and most loving acts, and to encourage such things in your children. More than any other day of the week, you are to make the Sabbath truly useful and peaceful and enjoyable, so that your children in after years shall look back upon the Sabbath of their childhood as travellers look back upon the green oases they have passed in the sandy desert. Keep that day as free as possible from the hurry and bustle which belong, by right, to the week; and then hardly noticeable will be the preparations needed in order that your children shall go forth prepared, both in mind and body, for the Sunday school.—*Christian at Work.*

PUZZLES—NO. 4.

ENIGMATICAL REBUS.

Partly Phonetic.

What we all wish to do who obey nature's laws,
And if not then transpose me and find out the cause;
I am reckoned a curse but transposed I'm no better,
Though you'll send me to church if you drop the first letter;
Change again, I'm a priest that once flourished in Shiloh,
Mix again and you'll find me as false as Delilah,
Behead and curtail and I stand all alone;
So I'll bid you good-bye till the answer be shown.

S. MOORE.

Quebec.

DIAMOND.

A vowel
A two legged animal
A fruit
A Prophet's name
A vowel

DAISY POWLES.

A RIDDLE.

What goes round the house and round the house and stands in the corner.

IN THE DAYS OF THE GREAT ARMADA.

(By Crona Temple in Sunday at Home.)

CHAPTER VII.—*(Continued.)*

Dan Larvin, in after years, was never weary of telling how in St. James' palace he had stood with his cap in his hand "along with many other nobles and gentlemen," and how the queen came slowly by, with all her gallant train, and how she blazed with jewels, and how the small crown topped her royal head like the vane on a mast, and how she spoke to one and all, but specially and most particularly to him, Dan Larvin. "She held out her hand to me, and I squeezed it with all due respect," honest Dan would say, "and I went down on my bended knee while I held it tight, for I know what is due to a queen."

Earle Clatworthy who, as a gentleman-volunteer, was present at this famous reception, declared that Dan not only held the royal hand "tight," but pulled himself up from his knees by the help of it; but then Earle was always a graceless and a mischievous lad, and was not at all properly impressed by the dazzling dignity of the maiden queen.

"Her gown was very, very, very fine," he said afterwards to Doris, "but her face was as thin as my hatchet, and much about the same shape. She gave me her hand, too, and I kissed it, just as I had seen the Lord Admiral do, but it was hard and bony—not a bit like your hand, Doris. But her eyes—they were sharp! Like blue needles. It was good enough hearing to be praised by her, but I would rather face the Spanish fleet over again than earn a scolding *from our Queen Elizabeth.*"

Sir Robert Bulteel was not able to go to St. James's palace. That wound of his went sore with him, and for many days he lay in the narrow cabin of the "Ark-Raleigh" too ill to heed either victory or queen. In the hurry and turmoil of those days immediately after the capture of "Santa Anna" there was only time for very rough and ready surgery. Robert's wound had been probed and the ball extracted, but no one had much leisure to spend on nursing and tending; and when the Admiral brought his ships into the Thames the man he had knighted "for conspicuous valor" was so near to death that it seemed certain he could never live to enjoy his share of the glory.

Effingham, as soon as he recollected him at all, did all in his power to save him. Like many extraordinarily brave men the Admiral was as gentle as a woman, and his visits to the dark little berth where poor Robert tossed in misery, were the first thing that made the sufferer wish to get better.

For he suffered tortures from his wounds; tortures also from the fever which had followed, and very dark and dreary thoughts took possession of him. Life seemed a queer tumbled thing to him as he lay there on the confines of that "undiscovered country" the looming of whose shore makes our world look so mean.

He had fought up through hardship and through disappointment; he had succeeded. And of what worth was success to him now?

He had earned a living honestly; and though an unknown, unfriended lad, had made himself a place amongst honorable men. He had won Doris's love, and at the thought of Doris that poor despairing heart of his thrilled painfully—it was, after all, hard to die when life held promise of things so sweet! And yet, so the half-formed thoughts went drifting on through his brain—and yet might not love itself prove to be as vain as all the rest?

How he had panted for victory over the Spaniards! Now they told him victory had been given; and what cared he! How he had longed to make for himself name and fame that the girl he loved might be proud of him! He had earned his title; a coat of arms, for a surety, should he wish to take them from the Herald's College; and like the rest he would be praised and rewarded as one of those who had saved England in her need. But how little he cared for it all!

Life, and its good things shrank until nothing remained for him except the dim sense of loss in place of gain, of failure where all had been success. And Robert Bulteel groaned in the bitterness of his spirit as the future rose before him, the future which he was so ill-prepared to meet.

And then to him came Lord Howard of Effingham.

Perhaps the Admiral had fought through some such experience himself—certainly he appeared to divine some part of the trouble that was weighing on Robert's soul.

"You must keep your pluck up," he said, smiling down on him with those dark eyes that always appeared to Robert as though they could see further and deeper than other men's eyes. "You must look forward to the days when your people down in Devon will nurse their hero back to strength, and soon patch up that angry spot on your shoulder. A whiff of Devon air will bring the life into you."

"I don't know that I want much more of life, my lord; and I have no people."

"But some one you have, who loves you, that I'll warrant, Bulteel. And as for life—why, my good fellow, you have not begun to know the meaning of it yet, and do you want to pack out of it without an inkling of its just value?"

"You have not begun to know the meaning of it yet." Had not Thomas Clatworthy, Doris's father, said some words like those long ago? What did they mean? Was it necessary to pass middle age before a man might comprehend such a simple thing as existence?

"You see," went on Effingham, speaking very quietly, almost coldly, but with an earnestness that showed symptoms of the fire below the snow, "you see we are deceived by our passions, blinded by our wills, tossed this way and that by 'circumstances' as we say, but really by the outcome of our ungoverned thoughts and ill-judged doings. Some men rail at what they call their 'fate,' some men follow what they think is pleasure, and strive to forget there is any 'beyond' at all. And some men just try to do their duty all round."

Robert gazed up at the speaker. Would he not say more? Were there not men who had got further than this? For Robert himself had tried to do his duty, and in these days (which might be the end) he found no comfort therein.

We cannot tell what were the deeper thoughts of the great Englishmen who fought these battles. But we to-day know that there is more than duty required of us: though perhaps that "more" may sound to be less. It is love. There lies the meaning of life Our captain above has given all for us: He lived a man's life for us. He died a man's death for us. He loved us. He loves us; and he asks for our love in return. Duty—well it seems that none who love him would wish to leave duty undone: not one of his servants would willingly fail in their service. But our sense of duty can never be the measure of his great love to us.

This wounded man who had found life a pleasant thing, a noble thing—who had faced death calmly half a score of times—felt that in his existence the thought of this love had no place. "The captain above" had had no service from him.

He had not known the meaning of a man's life. It is just that—to use our days and months and years for the service of him who has granted our time to us; not rendering ourselves up as bond-slaves, held by fear, or by duty, but loving him because he himself holds us dear. And in such loving service there is light, and joy, and exceeding liberty.

When Effingham left his cabin that day, Robert Bulteel fell into a long reverie. Higher thoughts came to him.

And Doris? Did she know the purpose for which her earthly years were given?

"We will strive together," he said, "to make life more worthy, if so be that God will grant me yet a little while wherewith to find his face." Presently, when the sailor who brought his food entered the cabin, Robert Bulteel was asleep; and at the sound of the step he stirred and smiled, and the man heard him murmur the broken words, "Love... and light... and joy..." and then his sleep fell more deeply on him, and he lay quite still; but the smile yet lingered on his lips.

"He will weather it now," the sailor said, as he looked down on the quiet face. "His life has come back to him."

And it was a truer and greater life that had come to him then; although even Robert himself did not know it for many and many a day.

CHAPTER VIII.

When all fear of the Armada was over, and the English ships safe in the Thames, the wounded were landed with all possible care and loving-kindness. It was not only the Devon folk who were anxious and proud to nurse their heroes back to health and soundness.

Queen Elizabeth had some excellent qualities; but open-handed generosity was not amongst them. It was therefore the more to her credit that she took pains to see that rewards and honors reached many of those who had deserved well of their country; adding names to lists with her own pen, making personal enquiry of the Admiral and of Drake as to who had most distinguished himself either for valor or for devotedness; and as far as possible giving every one personal evidence of her pride in her sailors, and in their doings.

Sir Robert Bulteel was lodged in a house close by the Tower of London—a house reckoned to be in a fine situation in those days; though now, when the smoke of the huge town has spread north and south, and east and west, the neighborhood is scarcely what one would select for an invalid.

"At her Majesty's charges," was the order graciously given by the court messenger who was sent to arrange matters. "Sir Robert Bulteel is the Queen's guest here."

Earle Clatworthy came to see him the very day of the reception at St. James's. The boy was over-brimming with spirits! Not six weeks since he had left Exmouth, and he had had such great doings as would last through the lifetimes of twenty such men as lived in these quiet Devon valleys where nothing ever happened.

WORDS OF CHEER.

Something like this he was saying when Robert cut him short.

"Things have happened in those quiet valleys, as I have heard from your father, Earle,—perhaps, if all was overcounted, we might find that he has shewn courage more staunch than either you or I."

Earle knew at once what he meant, and hung his head a little shamefacedly. Then his frank bright look flashed out again as he said, "I believe I've been boasting! But you know the things of which you speak happened long before I was born, and that it is hard to quite understand about them. And my father never refers to them. My father never boasts."

Robert looked at the boy's ingenuous face and smiled. Earle would not "boast" much in the future either, he thought silently;—he was too weak and weary to talk any more.

"And it must have been hard to endure that torturing and taunting," the lad went on more to himself, than to Robert, "and all alone. Lonely pain. Pain getting sharper and more sickening every instant, when a few words would end it all, a few words of denial and recantation. Yes, Robert, you are right: God's courage is the best courage after all."

"God-given courage" was what he meant. And in the years that were coming that "best courage" was granted in large measure to him also. For when his own hair was grey, and the pride of his manhood passed, he fell into the enemies' hands while fighting the king's battles in the untried southern seas. There was little generosity in those days, still less mercy: and Captain Clatworthy, of the English frigate "Triumph," was barbarously tortured to force him to reveal the whereabouts and plans of the British fleet. "You offer me my life to turn traitor?" he said slowly, between his set teeth. "A traitor's life is not worth the taking at your hands. Do your worst." His own men rescued him:—but not before those stalwart limbs of his were wrenched and twisted by pain. Perhaps he remembered in that time of trial what his father had borne, and gave God thanks that he, too, had been found strong enough to suffer for conscience sake.

(To be Concluded.)

TOUGHENING BOYS.

Prince Albert's father was of opinion that one of the most important things in education is to teach children to bear pain with composure. He never inflicted pain upon his sons, but if they suffered from toothache, or any other bodily inconvenience, he would not allow them to complain or cry out. They were expected to seek the proper remedy, but in the meantime, bear it in silence; that is, without inflicting pain upon others.

Prince Albert followed this system in bringing up his own children, and his son, the Prince of Wales, acted upon it also. A guest at Sandringham was much surprised when one of the Prince of Wales' children fell upon an oaken floor with great violence, to see him get up, rub himself a little, and limp away without assistance or sympathy from any one, though both the child's parents were present.

The guest was informed that this was the rule of the house, the idea being to accustom the children to endure pain and inconvenience, of which princes and princesses have an ample share. There is, in truth, no profession in Europe more arduous and exacting than that of prince.

But we all have to bear an immense amount of pain. We all have to do many things that we do not want to do, and to abstain from doing many things we very much want to do. This is the human lot, and there is no possibility of avoiding it. No people suffer so much as those who rebel against this law of our being, and no people suffer so little as those who cheerfully accept it.

The hardening system can be carried too far, but surely it is an essential part of training to acquire the power to endure inevitable pains with some resolution and dignity.

We heard the other day of a family of seven persons, no two of whom could take the same kind of drink at breakfast. One had to have coffee; one must have green tea; another would be wretched without black tea; another knew no joy in life until she had her chocolate; another compromised upon cocoa; the sixth could only drink milk, and the seventh water. These people had cultivated and indulged their preferences until they really thought their special beverage essential to the prolongation of their lives.

Many mothers sedulously nourish such fancies, and soften their darlings by bestowing torrents of sympathy upon every bruise and bump. Boys soon acquire the habit of exaggerating their mishaps, and learn how to get the dainties they delight in by pretending to loathe the food that is good for them.

"Don't give that puppy any meat," says the dog-doctor. "But he won't eat anything else," replies the boy.

"Then," rejoins the healer of dogs, "leave his meal with him till he does eat it."

As it is with dogs, so it is with boys. Foolish fancies depart from boys when they are so happy as to have a keen appetite, and the boy who knows that no one will pick him up and kiss him will get up himself and rub his own head if it is bruised. —*Youth's Companion.*

YOUTH.

Youth is the only time
To think and to decide on a great course;
Manhood with action follows; but 'tis dreary
To have to alter our whole life in age—
The time past, the strength gone.
—*Strafford, by Robert Browning.*

THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN AND HER WORK IN INDIA.

The two great events which will form the distinguishing political features of Lord Dufferin's vice-royalty in India are, undoubtedly, the settlement of the Afghan boundary and the annexation of Upper Burmah. It is not, however, unlikely that after times will accord to the Dufferin rule a still greater distinction, from the fact that it has been inaugurated, on a national scale, an association for supplying all classes of Indian women with medical relief. The part which Lady Dufferin has taken in originating and carrying on this great movement of love and sympathy does her the highest honor and deserves appreciative notice in our pages. Surely never before has the exalted and influential position belonging to the wife of the Indian viceroy been turned to such beneficent account.

Her gracious Majesty the Queen had long been deeply interested in the condition of the women of India, and had been animated by the desire to do what she could to alleviate their hard lot so patiently borne for ages. This feeling was deepened in the royal heart by the touching message sent her by the Maharani of Punna, a native state in the north of India. Shut up in her palace in the hands of ignorant native practitioners, and the victim of a painful disease which required skilful treatment, the sufferer could have no alleviation owing to the rigid seclusion to which custom has doomed all native ladies, and which permitted of no help from the skilled male physician. In the year 1881 it became known to the Maharaja of Punna that Miss Beilby, an American lady, was carrying on her work as a Zenana medical missionary in the city of Lucknow. He asked her to visit his suffering wife, and, although a hundred miles distant, she at once undertook the journey, and for weeks remained the only European at Punna. Happily, her medical knowledge skilfully applied effected a complete recovery. Miss Beilby, having resolved to return to England to take a degree in a regular medical college, went on the morning of her departure to say farewell to the Maharani. "You are going to England," said the royal lady. "I want you to tell the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the men and women of England, what the women of India suffer when they are sick." She then gave charge that Miss Beilby was herself to convey the message to the Queen. She asked her to write it down. "Write it small, Doctor Miss Sahiba," she said. "for I want to put it into a locket, and you are to wear this locket round your neck till you see our great Queen, and give it to her yourself! You are not to send it through another." Miss Beilby duly reached England, when the Queen, hearing of the message, sent for her and graciously admitted her to a personal interview. To what Miss Beilby said of the condition of suffering Indian women Her Majesty listened with much interest, asking many questions, and showing the deepest sympathy. The locket with its writing was given to the Queen, and her Majesty entrusted Miss Beilby with a kind and suitable reply, adding, "We had no idea it was so bad as this. Something must be done for these poor creatures. We would wish it to be generally known that we sympathize with every effort made to relieve the suffering of the women of India."

"From that time," writes Lady Dufferin, "I took pains to learn all I could of the medical question in India as regards women, and I found that although certain great efforts were being made in a few places to provide female attendance, hospitals, training-schools, and dispensaries for women, and although missionary effort had done much—and had, indeed, for years been sending out pioneers into the field—yet, taking India as a whole, its women were undoubtedly without that medical aid which their European sisters are accustomed to consider as absolutely necessary."

It appeared to Lady Dufferin that an association might be formed having the one single object in view of bringing medical knowledge and medical relief to the women of India by the agency of female doctors and nurses. With this idea she wrote to several ladies of influential position in India, and receiving their cordial support, a prospectus was drawn up setting forth the proposed plan, which was published in the various languages of India and distributed all over the country. To this appeal an encouraging response was given; the Press was almost unanimous in its approval, and in the various towns visited by the Viceroy the municipalities made favorable allusion to the beneficent undertaking. The

HONOR OF FIRST BRINGING MEDICAL AID

to the women of India belongs to the American societies. The first woman physician with a diploma who ever set foot in India was Miss Clara A. Swain, M.D., who reached the country in 1869, sent thither from the United States by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Miss Beilby, to whom we have referred, and other American as well as English ladies, have done admirable work. Miss Beilby's name will indeed ever be associated with that of Lady Dufferin in the origination of the National Association.

In the month of August, 1885, at the

LADY DUFFERIN.

seat of the Government in Simla, the Association was organized, and designated "The National Association for Supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India." Lady Dufferin was made President, the Viceroy Patron, and Her Majesty the Queen-Empress telegraphed her willingness to be the Royal Patron. The money collected to forward the object was to be credited to "The Countess of Dufferin's Fund." The first general meeting was held at Calcutta in January, 1886. Lord Dufferin, who presided on the occasion, said that he regarded the meeting as one of the most important ever held in India, as upon its successful issue a vast amount of human happiness was dependent.

The general affairs of the Association are managed by a central committee, and in connection with it branches have been formed at Madras, Bombay, the Punjab, the North-Western Provinces, Burmah, the Central Provinces, Bengal, and Mysore. Each branch association is for all financial and executive purposes entirely independent, but it is expected to adhere to the principles of the Association, and is required to contribute some small percentage of its receipts to the central fund. All institutions having the same end in view, whether missionary in their character or not, and which were in existence prior to the formation of the Association, are encouraged to affiliate themselves with it, but are allowed to retain their full independence. These affiliated institutions may obtain grants-in-aid from the association, and will otherwise benefit by the increased number of pupils, and by having a common centre of reference and information. To cover a field so vast, and to accomplish a work so great, it is essential that the Association should be distinctively national, that all classes and the adherents of all creeds—Hindus, Mohammedans, and Christians alike—should be able to co-operate. And if national, it is in consequence necessary that it should be strictly unsectarian. The one object is to provide and apply female medical aid, to alleviate human suffering and sorrow, not to teach Christianity, nor to combine medical treatment with teaching. Yet on its simple basis of philanthropy it has a common ground with missionary effort, and, indeed, desires that missionary agencies, so far as they are medical, should be affiliated with it. By promoting on a large scale the medical education of native women, and diffusing them throughout the country to minister relief to their own suffering sex, the Association cannot but produce in time a powerful moral effect altogether favorable to Christianity. Gratitude will be awakened, confidence gained, the minds of native women will be opened to new ideas, superstition will lose its hold, and the prevailing faith in charms and idolatrous offerings in times of sickness and suffering will be gradually lessened, and ultimately broken down and destroyed. Every document connected with the Association has, from the beginning, gone through Lady Dufferin's hands, and all that devotion and zeal could do on its behalf she has done. She accompanied her husband in all his official tours, everywhere visiting the hospitals and making inquiries with the view of forwarding the cause she had initiated.

An admirable paper from her pen, which first appeared in the *Asiatic Quarterly* for April, 1886, and has since been reprinted and widely circulated in a separate form, gives a full exposition of the entire scheme.

From this paper we find that the specific aims of the Association are, first, medical tuition, such as the teaching and training of native women as doctors, hospital assistants and nurses; secondly, medical relief, in the form of female superintendence of dispensaries and cottage hospitals for the treatment of women and children; and thirdly, the supplying of female doctors and nurses, qualified to undertake the duties of their profession. It is also designed to open female wards in existing hospitals, and to found female hospitals when the necessary funds are forthcoming.

Miss Louisa Stevenson in an address to the students of the London School of Medicine for Women, said:—

"I should like to acknowledge from this place the debt of gratitude we owe to her Excellency Lady Dufferin, for the way in which she has caused what I may call the doctrine of women doctors to be preached throughout the length and breadth of India. This could only have been accomplished by some one able and willing to utilize existing Government agencies. In a country like India, where ideas and customs are thousands of years old, everything new is apt to be looked upon with suspicion and with more or less distrust, and it was an entirely new idea in many quarters that the services of a woman could be of any importance whatever to the country; still less that she could ever be entrusted with the health and lives of her fellow-creatures. Had the seed of this idea been sown by any one of less importance than the wife of the head and representative of Her Majesty's Government, it would, probably, in many cases, have been trampled under foot."

From the third report, we find that the public interest in the Association is increasing—that there are more subscribers to its funds and greater confidence shown in the reality and permanence of the work. Native gentlemen are becoming more and more favorable, and local bodies are lending a helping hand. Indeed it is essential to the success of the movement that the leaders of native society should take it up. Throughout India there is what may be styled an "unconscious" demand on the part of its women for medical aid. They have been so long neglected that they cannot understand how it can be otherwise. To the more enlightened women the sense of need is great, and the effort to supply it comes home to their heart. Raji Siva Prasad, C.S.I., at a meeting said, "When I told my dear sister of this benevolent scheme, and told her also of Lady Dufferin's exertions to carry it out, she simply said, 'How can I worship this lady with flowers and sandal-wood?'"

At the date of the last report there was an aggregate of 131 female students in the different centres of study, the majority of whom were being educated as female hospital assistants. These, however, are not intended to rank with fully qualified doctors, or to treat difficult cases, but to deal with the hundreds of minor maladies which Lady Dufferin characterizes as "so much more common, and oftentimes equally distressing."

Up to the present time the progress of the movement has been highly satisfactory. It has received large financial aid, and rests on voluntary support; but it is to be hoped that the various municipalities throughout the country will help by their contributions. We cannot do better than close our notice by quoting the concluding remarks of Lady Dufferin, in the paper to which we have referred. "I trust," says her ladyship, "that a feeling of kindness and goodwill may be generated by an Association which has been started by women for the benefit of their own sex, but which should appeal to the best feelings of men of all ranks in India. We have met with much encouragement so far, but we realize that the work we have in hand will require many years of faithful endeavor to bring it to a successful issue. We know that we must begin it gently and, having sown the seed, must tend it with patience and perseverance, feeling grateful and hopeful as each green leaf appears, giving promise of a future abundant harvest."—*Leisure Hour.*

FIRE AND WATER.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

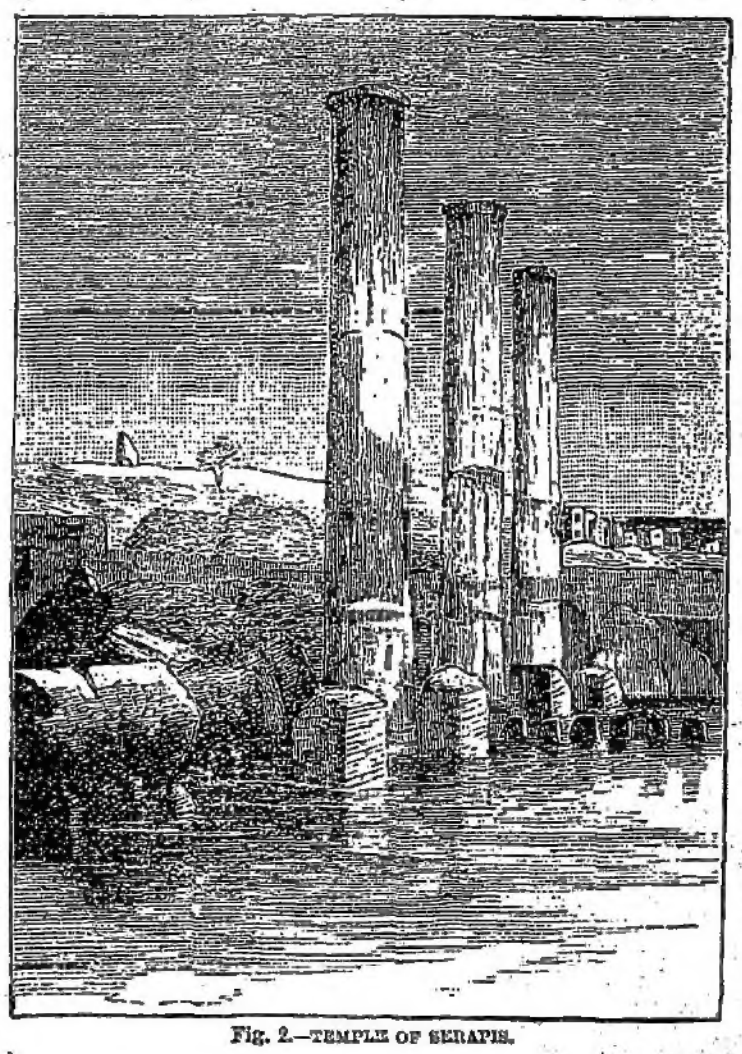


Fig. 2.—TEMPLE OF SERAPIS.

The sea along the western coast of Scotland is filled with numberless islands, which look on the map as if they might have been broken from the solid land. One of these is a tiny island lying close in the embrace of a larger one. Though it shows as a mere speck on the map, this little island of Staffa is known the world over for its wonderful natural formations. On the edge of the sea, *rising direct from the water*, is the well-known Fingal's Cave. The regularity of its formation is so remarkable that it is hard to believe it to be a work of nature. Lofty columns of regular shape stand up out of the sea, built up, it would seem, of block upon block of solid stone carefully chiselled and as carefully laid upon each other.

On the northern coast of Ireland at the point which is nearest the Scottish coast, is another wonderful assemblage of these columns, roofless, and running out into the sea, called the Giant's Causeway

An old story makes these two wonders the ruins of castles built and inhabited by two unfriendly giants. The cave has received the name of the Scotch giant Fingal. There are many old poems, sung among the Highlanders in the far past, of which Fingal is the hero, but we now know that no man's or giant's hand helped to lift these great blocks of stone one upon the other. They were built up by the fires under the earth. The melted stone poured out of the volcanoes above and spread over the land and there as it hardened and cooled, split up into great crystals or columns. The water dashing for thousands of years

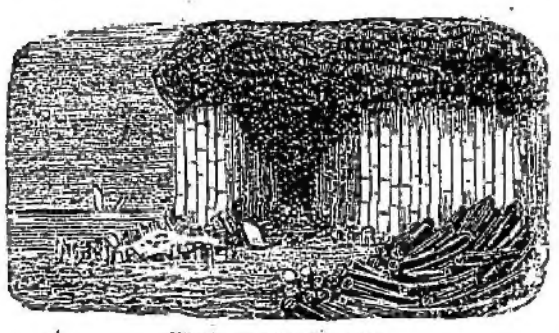


Fig. 1.—FINGAL'S CAVE.

against them washed away the earth around and the broken fragments, but was dashed back again by a few of the hard unbroken columns, and so were left Fingal's Cave, the Giant's Causeway, and other formations like these

Too long ago for you even to imagine it, there was a great bridge of these columns reaching from Scotland to Ireland; the Giant's Causeway was one abutment, and Fingal's Cave another. In the thousands of years that have passed since, the rest of the bridge has been swept away and destroyed, with only here and there an island of columns between to tell the tale.

These rocks—hardened volcanic rock—are called basalt. They are not the only things which in drying contract and split into crystals. Take some common starch, dissolve it in water, and let it gradually dry; you will find that it is not a plain flat sheet, but that it, too, has split up into crystals. Nothing, however, splits up as regularly as basalt does.

The great central fires of the earth are constantly at work, sometimes acting with shocks, and sometimes quietly and steadily changing the face of the earth. In India, seventy years ago, one of these sudden changes took place which was very remarkable. There was an earthquake shock, and a great piece of land fifty miles long and sixteen broad was suddenly lifted up ten feet higher than the country around, and there it has stayed, with a straight wall around the edge called by the natives "Ullah Bund," or "God's Wall," from the mysterious way in which it arose.

Without any earthquake shock or sudden movement continents are in some places slowly sinking and in others as slowly rising. It might seem as if it were the waters which were rising or falling, but a moment's thinking will show you that this cannot be so. Water soon comes to a level, and as there is nearly the same quantity in the oceans all the while, it must be the land that is changing.

There was a great many years ago, before Christ came into the world, a temple built on the Gulf of Baiæ, near Naples. Three pillars are still standing of this temple, though they have seen many ups and downs since their building. The original pavement was of beautiful mosaic, and so well built that it still remains, though the earth on which it stands slowly sank for many years. About two hundred years after Christ a new floor was laid six feet above the old one, showing at that time how much the earth had sunk. Down, down the pillars went into the sea, till they had sunk twenty-six feet. Then came a terrible eruption of volcanic lava, and the temple was lifted bodily more than twenty feet, the pillars still standing upright. Twenty-six feet above the first pavement, and for twelve feet below that line, the pillars have been fairly pitted by some small sea animal which had burrowed into the marble when it was under the sea. The story of the temple's travels is written on the face of the pillars. Now the temple is again slowly sinking at the rate of an inch a year.

Our own continent is tilting up in some places and sinking down in others. The Florida coast is sinking, the North Carolina coast is rising. Near Boston the land is rising, and Greenland for six hundred miles is sinking so manifestly that the Greenlanders have learned not to build their huts close by the sea. An island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence is gradually tipping; its southern coast is dipping down and its northern rising into high bluffs.

The water and the fire in doing these mighty works, in gradually turning and tilting continents and islands, and wearing them down again, do not forget some smaller duties in the way of carving and ornamenting and beautifying the earth.

The hot water, filled with carbonic acid, which comes from the fires beneath the earth has the power to dissolve certain minerals; these it brings up to the surface of the earth. The carbonic acid goes off in gas when it comes to the air, but the lime and other minerals are allowed to settle; there they harden and form a cup, from which the water drips down, forming limestone icicles or stalactites. Finally cup after cup is formed in this way (Fig. 3), most wonderfully ornamented. In one place in Italy such a spring, which is at the top of a hill, has encased the whole hill in a layer of stone formed from its settlings.

In carbonated springs like those in Fig. 3 most of the lime settles at the bottom, as earth will in water; but there is a still more wonderful kind of spring which builds its own basin, and after a while makes itself into a fountain. Such a spring is called a geyser. These are very rare, because it takes so many different things acting together to form them. They are the children of fire and water. Geysers are found in Iceland, New Zealand, and in the Western States (Fig. 4). Those in the Yellowstone National Park, in Wyoming Territory, are perhaps the largest and most curious in the world. Indeed, that region abounds with wonderful examples of Nature's handiwork, which must be interesting to students of geology.

A geyser begins by being a little hot spring; it ends by being a natural fountain. Geyser water has been put into a basin, and allowed slowly to dry up. It is then found that the settlings from this water are not on the bottom, but that, as the water dried, it left a solid rim around the basin, and as it sank, the rim broadened downward.

In the geyser water there is a white and glassy substance that, as it settles, builds a cup for itself; when the water overflows the cup, it naturally runs out of the lowest place. Here the solid rim is built up by the glassy silica till that gets higher; the water then shifts and flows over the lowest place left, building slowly the lowest places in the rim, till, instead of a cup, it makes a high tube with a mound of silica all round it.

Sometimes the water will lie quiet in the tube for a good while; but the fires beneath are turning water into steam, and when enough steam forms, it lifts the water in the tube, in its struggles to get out, until finally the water is thrown up into the air violently, like the jet of a mighty fountain. The steam escapes in a single burst or in several; the water sinks back and lies quiet for a while, till steam is again formed, and the fountain jets again.

A toy geyser can be made of an upright tube of iron filled with water, and two gas jets burning against the tube, one above another. Every different way that a geyser plays can be imitated on this simple little arrangement. It would take too long to explain why some geysers are too young to play and why some are too old; why some play at fixed times, and others only when a clod of earth or something of the kind is thrown into the tube; but if you could see the experiment tried on the toy geyser, it would not be hard to understand.—*Harper's Young People*

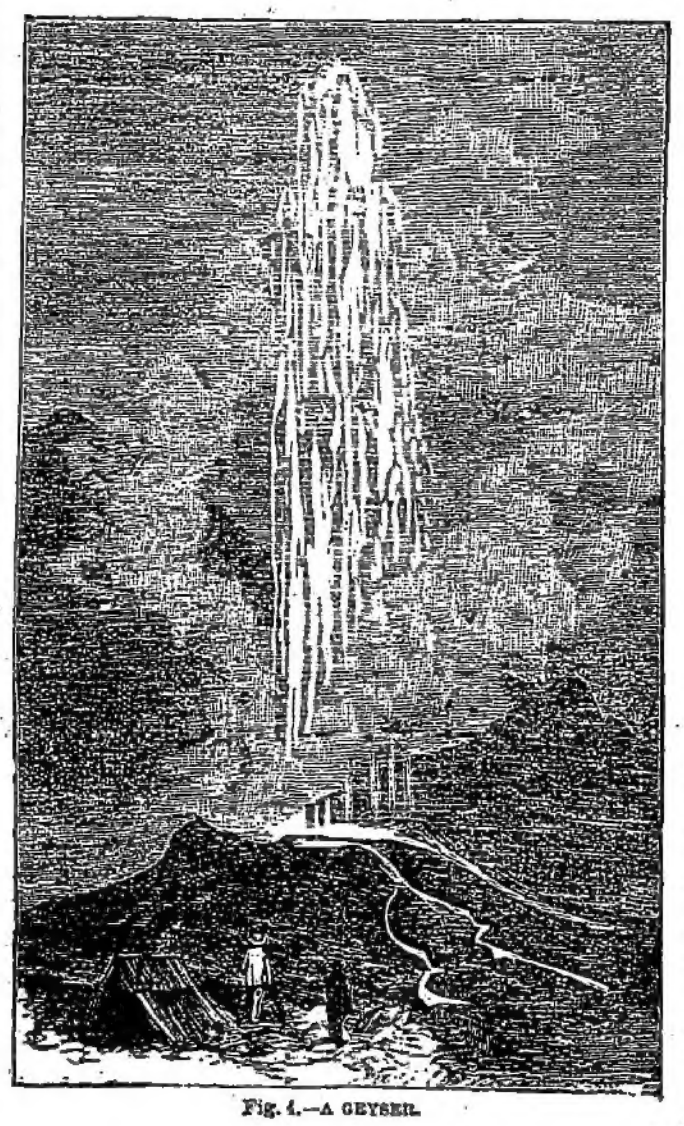


Fig. 4.—A GEYSER.

REVENGE.

An English traveller in the East gives the camel a very poor character. According to his account the creature is from first to last undomesticated and savage, rendered serviceable not by tameness but by stupidity.

One passion alone he possesses, namely, revenge, in the carrying out of which he shows an unexpected degree of far-thoughted malice, united with all the cold stupidity of his usual character.

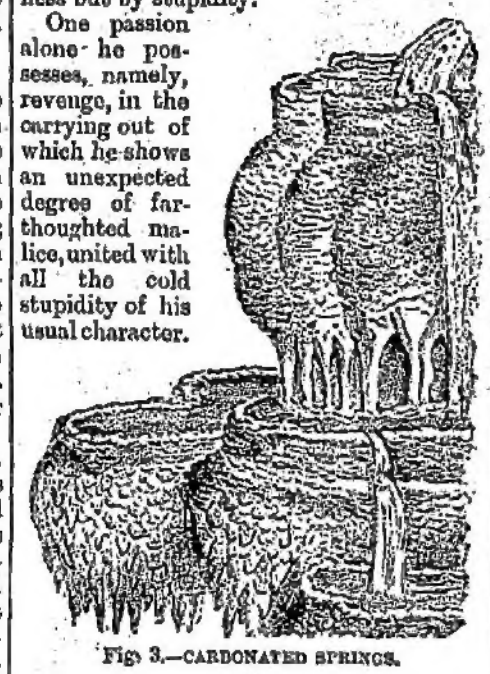


Fig. 3.—CARBONATED SPRINGS.

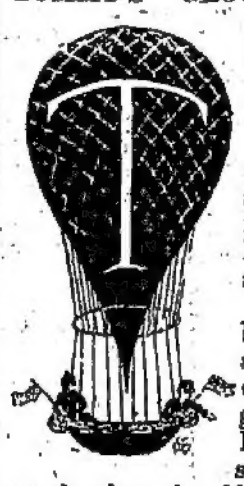
One instance of this I well remember.

A lad of about fourteen had conducted a large camel, laden with wood, to another village at about half an hour's distance. As the animal loitered or turned out of the way, its driver struck it repeatedly, and harder than it seems to have thought he had a right to do. But not finding the occasion favorable for taking immediate quits, it bided its time; nor was that time long in coming.

A few days later the same lad had to reconduct the beast, unladen, to his own village. When they were about half way on the road, and at some distance from any habitation, the camel suddenly stopped, looked deliberately round in every direction to assure itself that no one was within sight, and finding the road clear of passengers, made a step forward, seized the unlucky boy's head in its monstrous mouth, and lifting him into the air flung him down again with the upper part of his skull completely torn off.

Having thus satisfied its revenge, the brute quietly resumed its pace towards the village, as though nothing were the matter, till some men who had observed the whole proceeding, though unfortunately at too great a distance to be able to afford timely assistance, came up and killed it.—*Youth's Companion.*

TOMMY'S GEOGRAPHY LESSON.



TOMMY came home from school with a cloud on his usually bright face.

Auntie put her arm about her boy, and asked him how he had fared at school, and if he had been perfect in all his lessons.

Tommy knit his brows in a puzzled way, and said, "I knew every one except my g'og'aphy, an' I didn't know that at all. It seems zif I can't remember how the old maps look, and when Miss May asked me if there were any mountains in New Hampshire, I couldn't remember to save me. I don't s'pose I'll get the prize, just because I can't learn g'og'aphy. If I could only go up in a balloon, and look down on the world, I could see for myself where the mountains an' lakes an' such things are, an' then I'm sure I wouldn't forget."

This speech of Tommy's on behalf of learning geography by means of a balloon voyage set Auntie's wits to work.

She was anxious to help the little fellow gain the prize he was striving so hard for, and if maps would not answer, some other way of learning his geography lesson might be thought of.

After a second or two she said, "Suppose we play that we are in a balloon, how would that do?"

"Jolly!" exclaimed Tommy. "But then," the smile fading a little from his rosy lips, "I don't know that I could learn my lesson any better even if I did put my map on the floor, an' stand on a chair to look at it."

Auntie laughed and said, "That isn't my idea. If you will help me, we will soon be able to look down on something much nicer than a map."

"All right!" promptly returned Tommy, as he snatched up his hat, and stood ready for any command.

"Has the pile of sand been taken away that I saw a little further down the street yesterday?" asked Auntie.

"No'm; I saw it when I came past just now."

"Then tell cook to give you the two-quart tin pail, and go ask the men if you may have it twice full of sand."

In a flash Tommy had gone, and almost before Auntie was ready for him he was back again. "Auntie!" he shouted; "Auntie!"

"Here, Tommy!" answered a voice from the direction of his play-room, and rushing in, Tommy found his aunt pinning a large sheet to the carpet.

"Pour the sand right in the middle of the sheet, and go for more," and again Auntie bent to her work.

When Tommy came back the second time, the sand was smoothed out on the sheet until it was about an inch deep all over.

The second pailful was put in a pile by itself a little way from the rest. "Now what'll I do?" demanded Tommy, becoming more excited as the mystery deepened.

"Bring your atlas," said Auntie, "while I look up a few things I think will be useful."

The atlas was close at hand, and Tommy waited rather impatiently until Auntie returned with a bunch of wooden toothpicks, a handful of flat button-moulds of different sizes, a sheet of writing paper and a pair of scissors.

With the scissors Auntie commenced cutting the paper into slips about one inch wide and three inches long.

"Now get me the mucilage, and then show me your geography lesson for to-morrow, Tommy," she said.

The lesson proved to be questions on the map of the New England States, especially New Hampshire, and Auntie, picking up the wooden toothpicks, began to form with them the outlines of the State.

"Oh my!" exclaimed Tommy. "I know what you are going to do. Let me help."

"To be sure you may help; but put your map in front of you, and shape your State as nearly like that as you can," said Auntie, as she broke the piece of wood in her hand to form a sudden little curve in the coast line.

Pretty soon, leaving Tommy to lay the outline of New Hampshire by himself, Auntie took up one of the slips of paper she had cut, and pasted one end of it neatly around one end of a toothpick forming a little flag, like No. 1. This proved satisfactory, so she made several more.

"I wish I could make this look like water," Tommy remarked, after a short silence, as he laid down the sticks for the boundary between New Hampshire and Vermont formed by the Connecticut River.

"Well, so you can," Auntie replied. "Have you any narrow strips of glass?"

Tommy jumped up, drew forth a box from among his toys, and set it down in front of his aunt.

In the box were a great many narrow strips of glass of various widths and lengths which the glazier had left, after fitting a number of panes in a window. Besides these, there were some odd bits of broken mirror.

"This is just what you want," Tommy, Auntie said. "Make your rivers of these strips of glass, and here is a nice large piece of looking-glass for Lake Winnepesaukee, and you can shape it by bringing the sand over the edges."

"What fun!" exclaimed Tommy. "Let me put it in now."

"Don't you think it would be better to finish the outline of your State first?" remonstrated Auntie.

"Yes," said Tommy, "I will. I'll put in the Connecticut and the other river, too, and I can pile up real mountains, can't I? Why, I ought to know the White Mountains 'cause I was there last summer, but perhaps I was too close to 'em to see where they were."

Tommy went on tracing out the river courses with his bits of glass, building up mountains with the extra sand, placing the lakes and chatting merrily all the while.

When he had about finished he suddenly cried: "Auntie, we've forgotten the cities!"

Auntie smiled a little as she said: "Is this the first time you have thought of them?"

Then she produced the flags upon which she had written the names of the cities given on the map, and, choosing the largest button-moulds for the principal cities and smaller ones for the less important, she looked on the map, found the exact spot for a city and laid a button-mould on it. Then, taking the little flag that bore the name of the city, she pushed its staff through the hole in the button-mould into the sand. This held the flag erect and kept the city in its place. (See No. 2.) Tommy arranged the other cities and as he planted the last flag-staff Auntie said:

"Now we will ascend in our balloon and take a bird's-eye view of New Hampshire."

"What's a bird's-eye view?" Tommy asked as he struggled to his feet, and stood by Auntie's side.

But his question was forgotten when, gazing down, he saw beneath him one of the United States in miniature.

He danced and capered around, shouting: "Hooray! I'll go up in a balloon every time to learn my g'og'aphy lesson. I won't forget again that the Connecticut River is between New Hampshire and Vermont, 'cause I put it there myself. What a goose I was not to know the White Mountains were in New Hampshire! Don't they look cunning, Auntie? just like the real ones, only they haven't any snow on top, but I know what I'll"——

Auntie did not hear the rest of the sentence, for Tommy dashed out of the room to return directly with something held tightly in his chubby hand. This something proved to be salt which he proceeded to drop carefully, a little at a time, on the top of his mountains.

"There!" he exclaimed, triumphantly, as he straightened up, "now they really are the White Mountains and have snow on top just like the ones I saw."

"Yes," said Auntie, "that was a bright idea and it does look like snow. Now we will pretend we are up in a large balloon looking down on the State of New Hampshire."

Then they looked down and talked of the cities they saw, calling each one by name, and remarked upon the peculiar shape and more peculiar name of the largest lake, and what course the rivers took as they passed through the State.

Several times Tommy descended from his balloon to make some slight alteration in his work, and once he pasted a red star on the flag of the capital "to make it different from the other cities," he said.

When they gave up the sport Tommy had learned his lesson; and you may be sure he never forgot it, for "I made the State myself," he proudly remarked to his teacher the next day.

After this first delightful experience Tommy learned all his geography lessons with the aid of his sand, and when Papa returned after a two months' absence, he was so pleased with his little boy's progress in the study which had been such a stumbling-block, that he had the tinsmith make a large, shallow tin pan three feet square and three inches deep, especially to hold Tommy's sand.

The glittering new tin bottom of the pan represented the ocean nicely when islands were to be made, and also when the countries to be represented had a coast line.

The other advantages of the pan were that it could be set upon a table, and the sand could be left in it and need not be emptied into a box as it had to be when the sheet was used.—*Adelia B. Beard, in Youth's Companion.*

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The publishers of the Montreal *Witness* and *Northern Messenger* some weeks ago announced a competition whereby every scholar in Canada can compete for valuable prizes, of which a large proportion of them can gain one or more, while every competitor obtains a recognition of having joined in the competition. Immediately, on the announcement being made public, words of encouragement and offers of assistance came from every quarter of the country and enquiries for fuller information. In answer to them we republish the plan and ask every teacher and scholar to read it carefully.

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The stories from all the schools of a county will be collected and handed to judges who will award the writer of the best in the county or city, the county prize, which is a copy of Macaulay's History of England in five volumes, strongly bound in cloth, worth $5. There will be 206 of these county prizes offered.

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The province prize essays, Newfoundland being classed as a province, will be submitted to an authority, probably in England, who will award to the best the Dominion prize. This will be a Remington No. 2. type-writer with cover and four-drawer desk worth $125. This is for *writing letters and manuscripts* of all kinds and is a very valuable article.

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IN NEW BRUNSWICK, one each for the counties of Restigouche, Gloucester, Northumberland, Kent, Westmorland, Albert, St. John, Charlotte, King's, Queen's, Sunbury, York, Carleton, Victoria, Madawaska, and the cities of St. John, Portland, and Fredericton.—13.

IN QUEBEC, one each for the counties of Pontiac, Ottawa, Argenteuil, Two Mountains, Vaudreuil, Soulanges, Jacques Cartier, Rochelaga, Laval, Terrebonne, L'Assomption, Montcalm, Joliette, Berthier, Maskinonge, St. Maurice, Champlain, Portneuf, Quebec, Montmorency, Charlevoix, Chicoutimi, Saguenay, Huntingdon, Beauharnois, Chateauguy, Iaprairie, Napierville, St. Johns, Chambly, Vercheres, Richelieu, Yamaska, St. Hyacinthe, Bagot, Rouville, Iberville, Nicolet, Lotbiniere, Levis, Dorchester, Bellechasse, Montmagny, Islet, Kamouraska, Temiscouata, Rimouski, Bonaventura, Gaspe, Arthabaska, Megantic, Beauce, Drummond, Richmond, Wolfe, Shefford, Compton, Missisquoi, Brome, Stanstead, and the town and City of Sherbrooke, and Cities of Quebec, Montreal, Hull, St. Hyacinthe and Three Rivers.—61.

IN ONTARIO one each for the Counties of Simcoe, Grey, Bruce, Huron, Lambton, Essex, Kent, Elgin, Norfolk, Haldimand, Welland, Lincoln, Wentworth, Halton, Peel, York, Ontario, Durham, Northumberland, Prince Edward, Hastings, Lennox, Addington, Frontenac, Leeds, Grenville, Dundas, Stormont, Glengarry, Prescott, Russell, Carlton, Lanark, Renfrew, Middlesex, Oxford, Brant, Perth, Waterloo, Wellington, Victoria, Peterborough, Haliburton, Dufferin, the Districts of Muskoka, Parry Sound, Nipissing, Algoma, and Thunder Bay, and the cities of Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, St. Catharines, Brantford, London, Guelph, Kingston St. Thomas and Belleville.—50.

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One for the TERRITORY OF ASSINIBOIA.

One for the TERRITORY OF SASKATCHEWAN.

IN BRITISH COLUMBIA one each for the electoral divisions of Cariboo and Lillooet, New Westminster, Vancouver, Victoria, Yale and Kootenay and the city of Victoria.—6.

THE PRIZES.

1 Dominion prize, price	$ 125
8 Province prizes, at $15	120
206 County prizes, at $5	1,030
	$1,275

SPECIAL POINTS.

As it is almost impossible that any scholar would be able to obtain the necessary information without assistance the question of the amount of assistance which might be given would become a vexatious one. To simplify the matter each competitor will be permitted to get all the assistance possible from any source whatever. But the story must be in the handwriting of the competitor, and the fact that the writer is a regular pupil of the school must be certified to by the head teacher thereof.

DOMINION PRIZE COMPETITION.

(Name of Story.)

By

(Nom de Plume.)

(Name and Number of School.)

(County.)

(Province.)

(Signature and address of Teacher.)

Each story must be written on foolscap paper, on one side only, and must not exceed 2,000 words. The sheets must be folded in eight, that is one-quarter the size of the page, and endorsed on the back according to the diagram.

Enclosed with the manuscript should be a letter in a sealed envelope containing the name of the writer, his or her *nom de plume*, which is attached to the story, the name and address of the school and the teacher's certificate that the essay referred to is written by the scholar, who is a member of the school, that there is reason to believe the story is true, and the scholar's age.

The last day for the *mailing* of these essays will be March 30th, 1889, and the prizes will be awarded as soon after as possible, so as to be given at the school closing.

The essays should be sent in as soon as ready, to facilitate the work of selection.

JUDGES.

FOR SCHOOLS.—Each teacher is requested to send his judgment as to the best essay sent from his school. This judgment will be subject to the revision of the province judge. It would be well if the stories from each school were sent in one bundle, together with the judgment of the teacher on them.

NEW BRUNSWICK—A. A. Stockton, Esq., D.C.L., LL.D., St. John, has kindly consented to be judge for the Province of New Brunswick.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.—Judge Alley, Judge of the County Court of Queen's County, has kindly consented to be judge for the Province of Prince Edward Island.

QUEBEC.—Dr. J. M. Harper, Quebec, has kindly consented to be judge for the Province of Quebec.

ONTARIO. — *William Houston*, Esq., M.A., Parliamentary librarian, has kindly consented to be judge for the Province of Ontario.

These judges were nominated by the superintendents of education in each province, except Ontario, Mr Houston being requested to act by the publishers of the *Witness* and *Messenger*.

The names of the other judges will be announced as soon as their consent has been obtained.

ENQUIRIES AND EXPLANATIONS.

"If it should so happen that only one paper should be sent from a certain school or county, would the sender be entitled to the prize?"

A. C. KEMPTON.

Riverside, N. B.

"Please let me know by return mail whether college boys are included in the competition for prizes, and also whether the story must have happened in the vicinity of where you live. I attend St. Jerome's College here and am nineteen years old. Will you accept stories of about 600 words?"

EDWIN A. SCHAEFER.

Berlin, Ont.

In respect to the first enquiry the original prospectus reads: "In addition, to render the interest more general, a copy of the *Northern Messenger* will be sent for a year to the writer of the best story from each school, as decided by the teacher, but the teacher's judgment will not necessarily be followed by the judges of the county prizes. Further, every competitor will receive a card, showing that he or she had a part in this great Dominion competition." This paragraph was written in the expectation that, if any story was received from any school more than one would be sent. But we will make this concession—if two stories are sent from any school the writer of the better will receive a copy of the *Messenger* for the year, and the other a competition card. If but one is sent, and that of any merit, the writer will receive a copy of the *Messenger* for a year. In respect to the counties, if twelve essays are received, the County prize will be awarded, and if but one is received and it is of exceptional merit so as to be classed with those competing for the Dominion prize, it will be awarded the county prize.

The question of our correspondent from St. Jerome College is more difficult to answer. He sends in a neat little short story of adventure. In specifying schools we thought by that means to limit the ages or capacity of the writers. For though there may be some well grown scholars at the public schools they have not, as a rule, had as many educational advantages as boys and girls much younger who attend what are known as colleges. But we want the competition to be as wide as possible and include in the competition those schools or colleges in which scholars are admitted when young, no matter how far they may advance; but colleges in which young men and women simply complete their education are not included.

ONTARIO INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND,
Brantford, Jan. 16, 1889.

MESSRS. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal, Que.

DEAR SIRS.—In the issue of the *Montreal Weekly Witness* of the 9th inst. which was read to me the other day mention was made of a "Dominion Prize Competition" organized by you for the benefit of the pupils of the Dominion of Canada. I am a pupil of the Institute for the Blind of this city but my native county is Leeds, Ont. As there were no particulars of the competition in the article referred to, and as I had not heard of it before, I would be much obliged to you if you would kindly inform me if I might compete for the prizes as a pupil of Leeds County. Also please let me know the rules governing the competition. Thanking you in anticipation of your reply and trusting to hear from you at your earliest convenience,

I am respectfully yours,
WILLIE WELLS.

In a case like that of Willie Wells, who is residing in a school in a different county from that in which his home is, the competitor will have the privilege of selecting for his story the events in either county. And a somewhat similar point is raised in British Columbia. A boy who has an adventure in one county, moves into another and wants to write of his adventure in the former, and asks if he can write the account of his adventure for the competition. Of course he can; and we think that if an event is carried over two or more counties the record may come from any one of them, and if the "hero" of any story removes to another county than that in which the events happened the story may be written up in either or both of these counties.

SIR,—I went to a school last summer, but the school is not kept open during the winter, having been closed since November 1st. I am not now attending any school. The school will be reopened in the spring, when I expect to be a scholar. Also the teacher has married and gone away. Would a certificate from the trustees instead of one from the teacher do?"

GEORGE LOVELL.

Souris, Manitoba.

To both questions we answer, yes.

GENTLEMEN,—My pupils are taking an interest in your advertised prize essay competition. Since these essays are to be composed of incidents that have actually happened in the county, I have been asked by some if it is a necessary to express the names of the actors in the incidents which are taken for their themes. Would you kindly advise me in this matter.

J. W. BROWN, Teacher.

Hanover, Ont.

As a general rule it would be well to use the real names; but if there should be any reason why the names of any of the participators in the events should not be used then fictitious names might be substituted and this be stated in a note at the beginning of the story. Of course we must trust to the honor of the writers that the narratives are true, or to the good will of the certifying teachers on whom we rely to inform us if there is any doubt of the correctness of the statements recorded.

SIR,—"Is it compulsory that each competitor shall be a subscriber to the *Northern Messenger*?"

"Please give me full answers to this as I have ordered two copies of the *Messenger* for the use of a school. I have already selected one boy and one girl to whom I have asked the young collector to address them. I think this a very good way to interest the children in your valuable paper."

THOMAS C. ROBSON.

In answer to these questions we note that it is not compulsory for any competitor to be a subscriber to the *Northern Messenger*, *Witness* or any *Witness* publication, but it would be an advantage for them to receive one or other of these papers that they may keep posted on all the interesting points of this great enterprise.

As to the last paragraph we think that it would be well for, at least, one person in every school to take pains to follow the competition as new points are coming up every week, principally through correspondence.

The club rates of the *Messenger* when the papers are sent to one address, are:—

1 copy		$ 0 30
10 copies to one address		2 25
20	" "	4 40
50	" "	10 50
100	" "	20 00

CORDIAL EXPRESSIONS.

"FREDERICTON, Jan. 10, 1889.

"I brought your scheme before a recent meeting of the school inspectors, who highly approved of it and expressed their willingness to encourage it in every way."

WM. CROCKETT, Chief Supt. Education.

"I will do all in my power to aid you, as I think the movement is a good one."

D. W. ROSS,
Prin. Superior School, Grand Falls, N. B.

"Every assistance in my power towards bringing your scheme for competition prominently to the notice of our teachers and pupils will be cheerfully rendered."

S. D. POPE,
Supt. of Education, Victoria, B. C.

"I cannot speak too highly of your proposed competition. It will not only stimulate talent among the boys and girls, but bring out a host of interesting historical stories."

ARTHUR E. BROWN, Morrisburg,
Inspector for Dundas County.

"Your enterprise is most commendable. The county of Welland should furnish a large share of incidents worth preserving. Lundy's Lane, Niagara Falls, Brock's Monument, Laura Secord, Indian legends, etc., etc., are suggestive."

R. HARCOURT, (M.A. M.P.P.)
Inspector for Welland.

Address all communications,

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

MONTREAL.

Dominion Competition.